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October 16th, 1852.

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FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME I.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, JANUARY 27, 1853.

NUMBER 1.

Miscellaneous.

The Dead wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other earthly bereavements are trifling. The wife who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven—she who is so busied, so unwearied in laboring for the precious ones around her—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered about that sweet clay, save those your hand may unwittingly have planted. Her noble, tender heart, lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead! The dear head that laid upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have administered so untruly, are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart, whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

Many a thousand may read this in the silence of a broken home. There is no white-norm over your shoulder, no speaking face to look up into the eye of love; no trembling lips to murmur, "O, it is so sad." The little one whose nest death has rifled, gazes in wonder at your face, puts up his tiny hand to your tears, and then nestles back to his father's breast, half conscious that the wing that sheltered it most fondly, is broken. There is no strange a hush in every room; no light footstep passing round. No smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes, and strikes and ticks—it is such music when she could hear it! Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face.

It strikes—the fatal time when the death-warrant rang out, "There is no hope!" Two she lies placidly still—sometimes smiling faintly, sometimes grieving a little, for she is young to tread the valley of the shadow. Three! The babe has been brought in, its little face held on her bosom for the last time. Four! Her breath comes fainter, but a heavenly joy irradiates her brow. Five! There is a slight change, O, that she might live! Father spare her!

"Thy will be done."

It was her soft broken accents. Yes, heavenly friend, who gavest her to bless me—Thy will be done!

Their feet footsteps near—weeping friends around. She bids them farewell, as she murmurs, "Meet me in heaven!" The damp-drops gather upon her pallid features at the seventh hour. She lies very still—sometimes she hears sweet music. Eight! passing away so gently. But her hand yet clings to yours, and so she lies that old house-clock tolls forth nine—ten—eleven—twelve solemn strokes. You spring to your feet. The lips are still—cold to your lips. The hand has fallen back; its touch grown grey. She is gone. She will never speak to you again on earth. You must learn that cold gaze that love so lately kindled—and you fall weeping by her side.

And every day the clock repeats that old story. Many another tale it telleth—of joys past, of sorrows shared, of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. You feel—O, how often—that the grave cannot keep her. You know she is in a happier world, yet that sometimes she is by your side, an angel presence. You look at your innocent babe, and think that a seraph is guarding it. Cherish these emotions; they will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant content, she gives her spirit a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you—that she has loved you—her tender of her in many—so that you meet her with a soul unstained—bright and beautiful spirit bride, where no one shall say any more forever, "She is dead!"

NIAGARA FALLS AND LAKE ERIE.—Prof. Sillman, the eminent geologist, discredits the opinion advanced by some that the gradual wearing away of the rocks of Niagara Falls, may possibly result in draining Lake Erie. In a recent lecture, he remarked:

They will not halt at their present station, but retreat slowly and surely about two miles further, where they will stop again for an unknown period, and probably for ever, since at this place the hard limestone will form both base and top of the falls, and thus stop the rapid destruction of the rock. Some have thought that they would finally reach Lake Erie and that the Lake would be completely drained. Such an event is impossible. At the point already mentioned, the torrent will gradually wear away the surface of the limestone, covering a rapid, and hence forth Niagara will be one of the lost wonders of the world.

LAKE ERIE.—At the post mortem examination of the remains of Amos Lawrence, the celebrated Merchant, it was found that his brain weighed two ounces more than Mr. Webster's. At the time of Mr. Webster's death, it was said that his brain was the largest on record, except Cuvier's.

Col. Kivo.—W. R. King has made his Will. He was born in 1786; owns 5000 acres of land in one body in Dallas county, Alabama, and upwards of one hundred slaves. His entire estate is worth about \$100,000.

Wellington died possessed of an estate and funds not short of ten millions of dollars! He was considered miserly and mean, and as closely calculated the value of one pound as any London shopman.

The latest application for a divorce, is from a wife, whose complaint is, that her husband "does snore so."

The Swearer reproved by a Child.

It was excursion day, and the cars were nearly full when a lady, evidently in ill health, entered, leading a little son of four or five years.

She paused and looked around in vain for a vacant seat. The gentleman by my side, perceiving her embarrassment, sprang to his feet, and politely offered his seat, which was accepted with a grateful acknowledgment. She was about to take the little boy in her arms, when a gentleman on the opposite side extended his hand, saying with a winning smile, "Come here, my boy, come and sit down upon my knee. I am better able to hold you than your mother is."

The child looked up at his mother's consent, and then joyfully sprang to the seat so kindly offered. For some few moments the gentleman amused himself by asking the child all manner of questions, drawing out his curious ideas, and listening with evident satisfaction to his artless replies.

Soon, however, his attention was drawn to an article in the paper he had just laid aside, and giving the boy some sweetmeats, he entered into an earnest political discussion with another gentleman by his side. At first it seemed they only sought amusement, and jokes and laughter were frequently intermingled with argument. But the contest gradually waxed stronger, until at length jokes were exchanged for profanity.

The boy had been very happy with his new friend; but when the first profane word was uttered, he looked up with astonishment. Tears gathered in his large black eyes, and laying the watch carefully aside, which had been given to him by the gentleman for his amusement, he slipped quietly to the floor, and fled to his mother.

"Where are you going my dear?" exclaimed the gentleman, as he saw him moving off. "Come back, my boy, come back. I thought you were very happy a few moments since, what is the matter now? Come, you are like little fellow, come and see what I can find for you in my pocket." But the boy clung to his mother, utterly refusing the extended hand.

"Well, now," exclaimed the gentleman, with evident chagrin, "this is very strange! I don't understand it. Come, my boy, tell us why you left me?"

"Tell the gentleman, my dear," said his mother encouragingly, "why you do not wish to sit with him?"

"Because," said he, as he straightened himself back, and summoned all his resolution for the effort, "the Bible says we must not sit in the seat of the scoundrel."

The gentleman looked confounded. For a moment the blood rushed to his high, expressive brow, and I thought he was angry. The mother also was surprised. She had not expected such a reply. But she instantly regained his composure, and pleasantly said, "I hope you do not call me a scoundrel." The boy leaned his head upon his mother's shoulder, but made no reply.

"Come, tell me," continued he, "why do you call me a scoundrel?" The child looked up, and simply, but earnestly said, while a large tear stole quietly down his cheek, "I do not like, sir, to hear you swear so!"

"Oh, that is it?" Well, continued he, as the mother pressed her son to her bosom, and bowed his head to hide his tears, "were starting in her own eyes, 'come back and sit with me, and I promise you I will never swear again.'"

"Want you," asked the child earnestly, "then I shall love very much indeed?" Saying this, he allowed the gentleman again to place him on his knee; but it was quite plain to be seen he did not go back with the joyfulness with which he had at first taken the seat.

The gentleman saw this. He felt that he had looked himself in the esteem of the innocent and noble-minded boy. The thought evidently gave him pain, and he did all he could to efface from his mind the unpleasant impression.

In explanation of this affecting scene, his mother said it was her custom to read a chapter in the Bible every morning to her son, explain to him she could, and then pray with him the character of a scoundrel, among other vices, she had mentioned profanity. Not fully comprehending the subject, but resolved at all events to do right, he thought it was really a sinful act to sit for one moment with a man who had taken God's name in vain.

What Hope Did.

It stole in its pinions of snow to the bed of disease; and the sufferer's brow became a smile—the emblem of Peace and endurance. I went to the house of mourning—and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful sounds.

It laid its hand upon the arm of the poor man, which was stretched forth at the command of unholy impulses; and saved him from disgrace and ruin.

It drew like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son tarried long after the promised time of his coming; and it saved her from desolation, and the care that kills.

It hovered about the head of a youth who had become the Ishmael of a society—and led him onward to works which even his enemies praised.

It stretched a maiden from the jaws of death, and went with an old man to Heaven.

No hope! my good brother. Have it, Be-kan! it to your aid. Wreath with it that it may depart not. It will repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best—but hope shall lead thee over its mountains and sustain thee amid its billows. Part with all beside—but keep thy hope.—Chester.

"Debby, the door bell rings, and you must run, light the match and touch the shavings, and let the burn's stick and brands get on fire in the fire-place, or they will think we don't keep a fire in the sitting room, and that would not be genteel." "Yes!—there it is all ringing, and the bell rings again—shall I go now?" "Yes," "O lordy, marm, it was only a pecker!" "A pecker! Confound him!—Take the fire apart, and get ready for another alarm!"

Plagiarisms.

How far any one may appropriate the thoughts of others without becoming obnoxious to the charge of literary theft, has been a fruitful theme of discussion among the learned. Sir Walter Scott, if we mistake not, defended the right of appropriating other men's ideas, provided one would clothe them in more attractive garb. And we presume his most ardent admirers will not deny that he has, in many instances, carried his theory into practice. Byron was also a strong advocate of the theory of mental piracy. Many of his most beautiful thoughts were borrowed and transferred in almost the very words of the authors from which they were taken. The shipwreck in *Don Juan* is an almost literal transcript of a narrative published many years previous.

Milton was an eminent appropriator. Many of his finest images are borrowed from Homer; while entire passages of the "Paradise Lost" are taken almost literally from the *Inferno* of Dante—Shakespeare (the most original of all mortals) borrowed nearly all the plots of his plays from those who had written before him; while the choruses and imitations of the Whiteites in *Macbeth* are mostly taken from a play by Heywood. The lines:

"Bubble, bubble,
Toil and trouble,
Fire burn,
And Caudron bubble!"

are borrowed—or stolen—without the alteration of a single word.

The celebrated line of Pope, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," is taken from one of the old Dramatists—Beaumont, we think without quotation or credit.

Coleridge "stole" entire pages of his metaphysical speculation in the *Biographia Literaria* from a German author. Southey was esteemed an eminent plagiarist among even his most ardent admirers. Paley has been suspected of copying borrowing in one of the most subtle arguments in the "Analogy," to the "Discourses of Socrates." Dumas has been charged with pilfering entire volumes; while doubts have been raised as to whether James came honestly by his "two horsemen."

One of Hurdley's best descriptions of a battle has been almost literally "copied" from "Alison's History," while George Lippard accuses the same individual of the monstrous sin of stealing from him!

We are informed by the Albany Advertiser, that an engraving on Webster, recently delivered by a Chief Magistrate of one of the Southern States, turned out to be, word for word, Dr. Not's edition on the death of Hamilton. The Speech of Mr. White, of Kentucky, some ten years ago, on receiving the Speakership of the House of Representatives, was found to be a verbatim copy of one by Aaron Burr. So that it will be seen that Mr. Disraeli has signed in common with a vast congregation—*Quidam Herald*.

Signs of Commercial Evil.

Our Merchants have never enjoyed such uninterrupted prosperity. Branches of mercantile fact, or failure to meet commercial engagements, have been almost unknown, and thus the profit and loss account exhibits a range of entries all upon the credit side. "What next?" is the question asked, or anxiously considered on every side. Have we reached this light of prosperity only to make our fall the more disastrous? Is the course of commercial affairs always like the segment of a circle described by a child's swing, and can there be no progress without a corresponding reaction? Has the world grown no wiser with age than thus to toll up the bill with the certainty that the ground will all be lost again? These are thoughts which will come to many during the long evenings that close in upon the days of the new year.

There are, it is true, some signs of evil portent. We regard as the most dangerous the rapid increase of new banks. The principal danger from this source is not in the expense of legitimate banking will be greatly increased, while the profits will only be divided. Nor is it so much in the healthy expansion which will be created by the increased issue of paper money, although this is an evil of great magnitude. The great danger lies in the fact that the control of the currency and the direction of the monetary affairs will pass, in a great measure, from the hands of the judiciary and experience into the hands of a new set of men, too little accustomed to such a change. The new banks are managed in a great degree by new hands, undisciplined by former reverses, and unacquainted with the dangers which are sure to be encountered. Like inexperienced mariners, they will carry too each sail in fair weather, and way to the sudden panic when the storm overtakes them. A large class of the new banks, too, are originated by borrowers instead of capitalists, and this will add neither to their caution nor stability.

Another indication of evil is the rapid formation of new houses by young and inexperienced clerks, who ought to be kept under the control of wiser heads until they are more fit to be trusted to their own strength. The requisites for the successful management of mercantile business are greatly underrated by a majority of the young business men in this country; and the melancholy disasters with which our commercial history in the past so thickly strewed, seem to have no influence in deterring the young and adventurous from embarking in the same desperate enterprise. And many even of those who have some reason in setting up for themselves, show but little judgment at the outset of their career. They have no patience for the small beginnings, the slow and sure earnings which have laid the foundation of all legitimate success in mercantile pursuits. They lay out their scheme on a scale of magnificence truly dazzling, and their expenses are generally in a ratio inverse to their profits. This multiplication of mercantile houses will be one of the most trying of all the assaults upon our prosperity for the coming year.

Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.

The King and his Scotch Cook.

BY GRANT THORNBURN.

The witty Earl of Rochester being in company with King Charles II, his queen, the chaplain, and some ministers of state, after they had been discoursing on business, the king suddenly exclaimed: Let our thoughts be unbanded from the cares of state, and give us a generous glass of wine, that cheereth, as the Scripture saith, God and man. The queen hearing this, modestly said she thought there could be no such text in the scriptures, and that it was but little else than blasphemy. The king replied that he was not prepared to turn to the chapter and verse; but was sure he had met with it in his Scripture reading. The chaplain was applied to, and he was of the queen's opinion. Rochester, suspecting the king to be right, slipped out of the room to inquire for a Bible. [A pretty king by the grace of God and defender of the faith, and a pretty chaplain to a king, that could not muster a Bible between them,] among the servants. None of them could read, but David the Scotch cook, and he, they said, always carried a Bible about him. David being called, recollected both the text and where to find it. Rochester told David to be in waiting, and returned to the king. This text was still the subject of conversation, and Rochester produced his Bible and read the text. It was from the parable of the trees of the woods going forth to appoint a king over them. Judges, 9th chapter and 13th verse. "And the vine said unto them, should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?" The king smiled, the queen asked pardon, the chaplain blushed. Rochester then asked this doctor of divinity if he could interpret the text, now it was produced. The chaplain was mute. The king therefore applied to David for the exposition. The cook immediately replied: "How much wine cheereth man!—looking Rochester in his eyes, your lordship knoweth, [no doubt David had seen him for a dozen times] and that it cheereth God, I long leave to say that under the Old Testament dispensation, there were meat offerings; the latter consisted of wine, which was typical of the blood of the Mediator, which, by a metaphor, was said to cheer God, as he was well pleased in the way of salvation, that he had appointed, whereby his justice was satisfied his law fulfilled, his mercy reigned, his grace triumphed, all his perfections harmonized, the sinner was saved, and God in Christ glorified."

The king looked astonished, the queen shed tears; Rochester, after some very severe reflections upon the Chaplain, gravely moved that his majesty would be pleased to send the chaplain into the kitchen to turn cook, and that he would make this cook his Chaplain. Now, by way of conclusion to this historical fact, I will only remark that this same cook is a true specimen of what the Scotch punny are at this present day, few of them learn more at school than to read the Bible and write their own name, but the beautiful and sublime language in which the narrative is conveyed, the true and concise descriptions of men and matter, &c., make those whose Bible was their school book, and who make their comparison by the way, to be wiser than their teachers. Hence in the heather hills among the clutches of Scotland, you will find thousands deeply read in almost every science and language. They are the most profound engineers, the most scientific professors and botanists, the most learned physicians, surgeons, and anatomists, learned, independent and conscientious preachers of righteousness, and by them the Gospel is preached to the poor.

Relic of a Mound.

A friend has just shown us one of the most entertaining and wonderful relics ever discovered in the east and mysterious field of our Western Antiquities. It is nothing less than a crucifix from an Indian Mound! This most curious object of Art and Antiquity, was found in Wetzel county, Va., about thirty-eight miles below this city. The mound stands on the farm of Samuel McDowell, Esq., and the finder of this precious relic was his son Robert who, we understand, has given to a gentleman interested in American Antiquities a full account of the manner and time of discovery. We trust the facts will speedily be given to the public, and that our *Saxa* will exercise their wits to unravel the mystery which hangs over this little relic.

The material of this most interesting object of antiquity is brass, or some substance resembling it, and iron. The cross of the latter material, but the image of the Savior, (a most beautiful piece of workmanship, of brass, or some suppose, of gold intermixed with silver.

The mound in which this mysterious relic was found, was the most ancient in appearance in the valley of Ohio, and at the period of the first settlement of the country covered with a heavy growth of trees. The cross is greatly corroded, and everything indicates that it must have lain there for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years. What strange and curious history is wrapped up in this little emblem of a Christian's hope! Whence came it? To whom did it belong? How got it there? are questions which will trouble the antiquarian in any part of the world. With it was found the remains of a human skeleton, and some minor relics of Indian art.

It is, we believe, a well established fact that the cross was in use among the Aztecs and the ancient inhabitants of Central America, and devices of that instrument are still to be found among the ruins of the latter countries. This, however, is the only instance in which it has been found in the mounds of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

We repeat the history of this sacred relic is most curious and highly interesting. It certainly must be regarded as by far the most important discovery yet made among our Western tumuli.—*Wheeling Intelligencer*.

A DOGMATIC FACT.—It costs annually ten millions of dollars to keep the dogs among us alive, while but six millions are spent to keep the sixteen thousand preachers in the United States, showing conclusively that the people care more for their dogs than for dogmas.

Cromwell's Remains.

"On the thirteenth day of Jan. 1660, Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, were taken to Tyburn on three sledges, and, being drawn from their coffins, hanged at the several angles; afterwards their heads were cut off, and set on Westminster Hall. The following is a transcript from a MS. diary of Mr. Edward Sainthill, a Spanish merchant, of those times, and preserved by his descendants.

"The 30th of January being that day twelve years from the death of the king, the odious carcasses of Oliver Cromwell, Major General Ireton, and Bradshaw, and Bradshaw, were drawn in sledges to Tyburn, where they were hanged by the neck, from morning till four in the afternoon. Cromwell in a green scar cloth, very fresh, embalmed; Ireton having been buried long, hung like a dried rat. Bradshaw in his winding sheet, the fingers of his right hand and his nose perished, having wet the sheet through; the rest very perfect, inasmuch that I know his face, when the hangman, after cutting his head off, held it up; of his toes, I had five or six in my hand, which he put in his pocket. Their bodies were then thrown into a hole under the gallows, in their scar cloth and sheet. Cromwell had eight cuts, Ireton four being scar cloth, and the heads were set up on the south end of Westminster Hall." In a marginal note is a drawing of Tyburn (by the same hand), with the bodies hanging, and the grave underneath. Cromwell is represented like a mummy, stretched up, with no visible legs or feet. To this memorandum is added:

Ireton, died the 26th of November, 1651. Cromwell, the 31st of September, 1658. Bradshaw, the 31st of October, 1659.

In the same diary are the following articles: "January 8th, 1661, Sir A. Hazlerigg, that choleric rebel, died in the tower. The 17th Vanner and his accomplice hanged—he and another in Coleman street; the other seventeen in other places of the city. September 3d, 1662, Cromwell's glorios and yet fatal day, died that long speaker of the Long Parliament, William Lenthall, very penitently. Yet, according to other accounts, the body of Oliver has been differently disposed of. Some say that it was sunk in Thames; others that it was buried in Nussy field. But the most romantic story of all, is that his corpse was privately taken to Windsor, and put in King Charles's coffin; while the body of the King was buried in state for Oliver's, and consequently, afterwards hanged at Tyburn